



## ARCHANA SARAT

### **How the Moon Came to Be?** (Aboriginal Australian Mythology)



“Pray for food, pray for safety,  
Pray hard to the almighty!”  
said Japara, the huntsman,  
to his young pretty woman.  
She sat in the kitchen chamber  
blowing into the dying embers,  
when their toddler came to wrestle  
with the nasty boiling vessel.  
Briskly picking his son from behind,  
Japara gave a piece of his mind.  
“Be careful with him, dear wife.



He is the shining light of my life.”

After her Japara took off,  
After her son fed and nodded off,  
Japara’s wife bathed in a nearby stream.  
The water glowed with the sun’s beam.  
Her golden skin glistened and gleamed.  
She did not know she looked a dream.  
When Parukapoli saw her,  
His knees grew weak and his speech slurred.  
Around her bosom clung her wet clothes  
Through which his eyes lustily bored.  
Parukapoli’s heart went soft,  
groin hard and he looked daft.  
He knew he had to have her.  
He just had to have her  
but he had nothing to pull her.  
He was a simple poor storyteller.  
He had no money to buy her.  
He had no jewelry to gift her.  
He had no strength to take her,  
but he had one thing—just one thing—  
He was a fabulous storyteller!

With tales one after another,  
Parukapoli sat regaling her.  
The yarns spun were dashing  
till they heard the sound of splashing.  
Japara’s son was in the stream!  
Japara’s wife gave a loud scream.  
She jumped in to save her son  
but the mischief was already done.  
She brought out the lifeless boy  
and sobbed for losing the chief of her joy.

She waited for Japara,  
hoping he’d be her umbrella,  
but he went mad with anger.  
Slapping her hard, he screamed,  
“How can a man—another man—  
make you forget the world?”



You are no more my wife.  
You killed the love of my life!”  
He picked a sword and killed her.

He sought out Parukapoli  
and rushed at him in fury.  
They fought and fought  
Till Japara erased the storytelling blot.

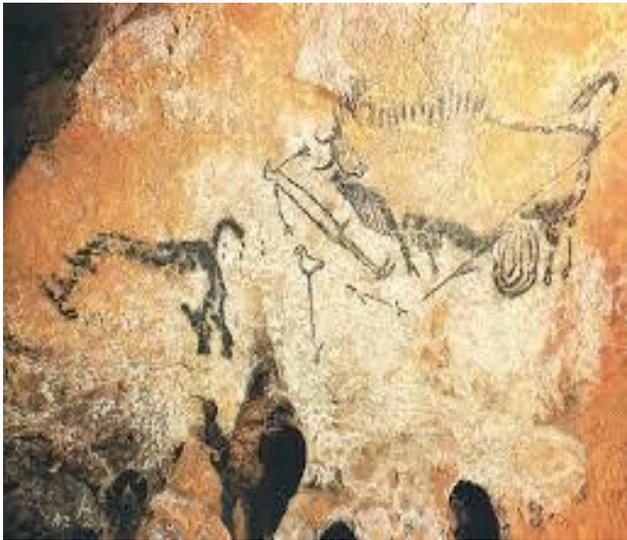
The tribe came running ...  
Aghast at Japara, they started fuming,  
“How can you kill your wife?  
She loved your son with all her life.”  
Wounded and broken,  
Japara mourned for them both.  
He struck his head and hit his chest  
and gave moaning cries filled with distress.  
He understood his big blunder  
and ran to get his son and her.

Kind spirits had taken the bodies away.  
Japara fell on his knees and started to pray.  
“They are both, with us, in the sky.  
Searching for them high and dry  
would be your punishment.”  
The kind spirits gave their admonishment.

Japara’s scars from the fight of doom  
are seen as the lines on the moon.  
The moonlight is the campfire he lit  
to search the dark sky and relinquish his guilt.  
His search in the sky was incessant;  
marked by the moon’s gibbous and crescents.  
He is still on his endless quest,  
doing his best, to rebuild his family’s nest.



## **Power of the Story Myth**



Dozens of deities  
To appease with treaties,  
To thank for triumphs  
with drums beating,  
To pray for health  
and share the wealth,  
So monsters are kept away  
Monsoons don't go astray  
Storms don't get stirred  
creating big disasters.

Roam the big wide world—  
India, Egypt, Greek or Rome.  
Everyone has their own  
Myths and tales galore.  
Something to make sense,  
To reveal the unknown ...  
Rituals, Rhythms, Rhymes change,  
Trials, Rites, Tribes change,



But the lessons learnt remain the same.  
That's the power—the power of the story myth.

### **The Cosmic Dance**

(Lay – narrative poem in octasyllabic couplets)



The wind was gentle, the leaf was fresh,  
The cuckoo's chirp—gay and refreshed.  
When Kalia brought out his hooded head,  
Silence reigned—as heavy as lead.  
Devouring cuckoo, Kalia chuffed.  
Life on Yamuna became tough.



One boy heard the forest's silence  
and marked the end of the tyrant.  
Kalia knew not—*He* was coming!  
Smelling prey started hunger cravings  
For gourmet meal—tasty humans!  
Coiled around Krishna in moments,  
The hiss shattering the silence,  
The forked tongue watered—sirens  
pounded the hearts of friends and lovers,  
praying hard for the all-giver.

Easily slipping off snake's coils,  
He jumped on his head. Kalia boils,  
nods, twirls, grunts, growls and thrashes around.  
Krishna dances upon Kalia's crown.  
Kalia raises eyes to see Him,  
hissing and chanting cosmic hymns.  
Humbled and blessed, Kalia walked away.  
Again, Krishna had saved the day.

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**Archana Sarat** has been an author of fiction and poetry for the last ten years. Her works are published in various popular newspapers and magazines like *The Times of India*, *The Economic Times*, *The SEBI and Corporate Laws Journal*, *The CA Newsletter*, *Me Magazine*, *the Science Reporter*, *the Chicken Soup for the Soul series*, *the Vengeance Anthology*, among others. She has completed her Comprehensive Creative Writing Course from the Writer's Bureau, UK. Though a Chartered Accountant by qualification, Archana has decided that she would keep cooking up tales as long as she can get away with it. She lives in India with her husband and two sons. You can read her flash fiction at [www.facebook.com/archanasaratauthor](http://www.facebook.com/archanasaratauthor). Her debut novel is to be published soon.